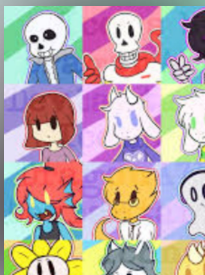




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Sans Fight idk



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Chapter 1 by thepinkdolphin

You want him angry.

Oh, he's angry now, but it's a tired rage—smoldering ash instead of a white-hot fire—and it's always more fun to taunt him until he's blisteringly mad at you, until he starts bending the world and the rules, and the universe itself snaps you from point to treacherous point.

There's no real fury in his movements, now, even as he crushes you to the floor with the weight of his own soul; you force yourself up and into a leap, evade a flurry of razor-sharp bone shards, roll out of the way of a series of magical barrages, and come up swinging.

He sidesteps, of course, but your knife slices through the sleeve of his jacket this time, and even if his skeletal grin never leaves his face you swear you can feel him squirm.

"Why wouldn't the skeleton just die?" you ask, skipping lightly over his next attacks. Frisk tries to compare it to jump rope, somewhere deep down inside you, but you shatter their tiny soul back into silence. "Because he didn't have the guts."

"That supposed to be funny, kid?"

"I thought you liked bad jokes."

"There's a time and a place."

'Seems like the right time and place to me,' you say, flipping the knife in your hand once before going at him from a different angle. 'Why should I?' He moves faster than he always seems like he should, dodging your knife just in time to save his nonexistent skin.

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“What makes you think I’m not takin’ this seriously?” he asks, and his expression doesn’t change—does it ever, really, now that you think about it?—but something in his voice does, and the next round of bone fragments flies at your face instead of your legs and it takes all of your concentration to slide under them.

Good.

Getting closer, now.

He’s angry, but you want him beyond furious. You want him violent, uncompromising, willing to reduce you to ash and ruin. You want him blinded by his own judgmental ire, exhausted and just a fraction of a second too slow.

“You seem a little tired,” you finally reply, your tone mocking. You’re good at mocking. It comes naturally, despite the whole innocent-child façade, and it feels good to let that fall.

“I am a little tired.”

“Take a nap!” you suggest, taking a running leap at him, your dagger glittering in a sharpened arc.

“Burn in hell,” he offers instead. His hand flicks out of his pocket, and too late you feel the force of his soul again, flinging you out of your trajectory and into the ceiling, then the floor.

Something breaks. Just a rib, you hope, spitting a mouthful of blood on the marble tile and stumbling upwards again. This isn’t your body anyways; it’s not like you need it to last much longer.

Chapter 2 by thepinkdolphin



"Get dunked on!" sans said.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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